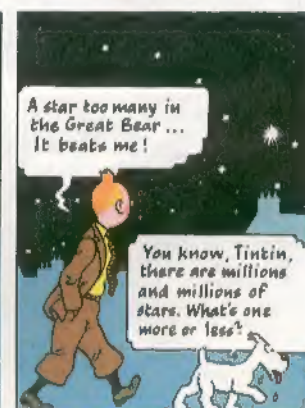


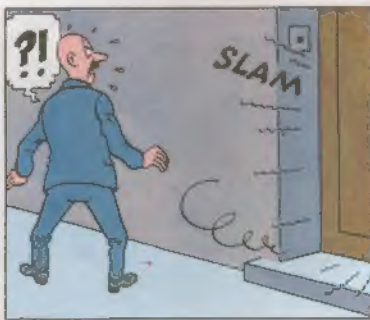
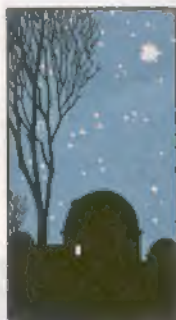
HERGÉ
THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN

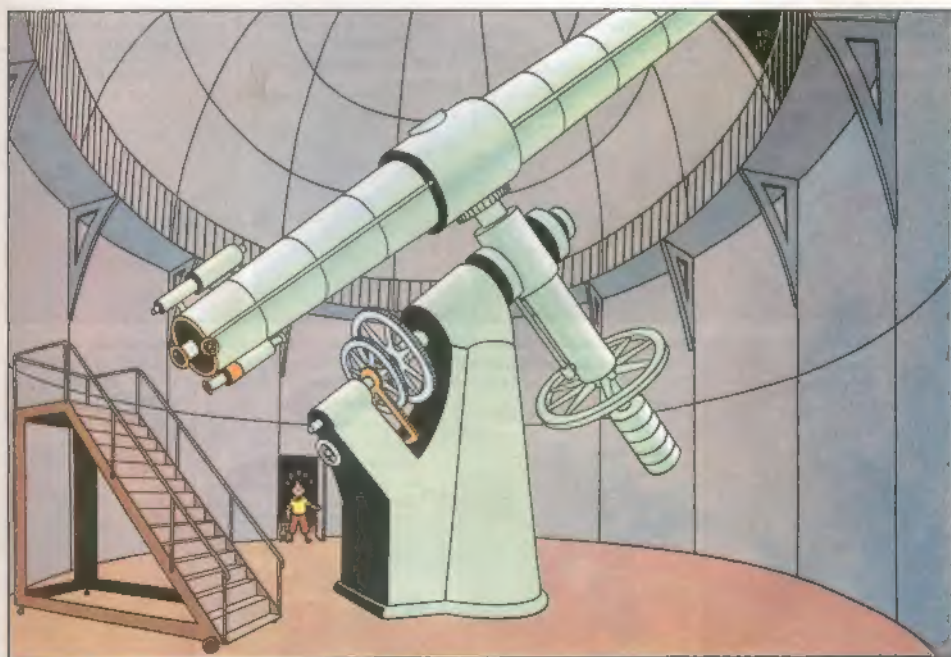
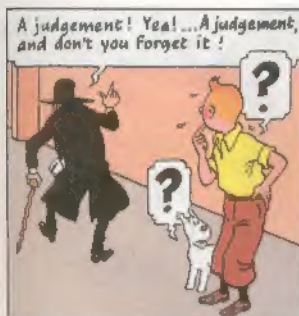
THE SHOOTING STAR

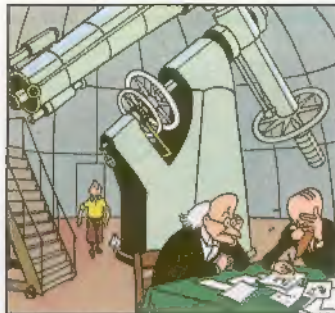


THE SHOOTING STAR





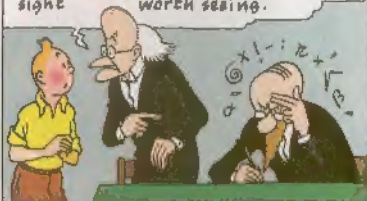




Excuse me, I'm looking for the Director of the Observatory.

Ssh! It's me!

It's me, but ssh!... Silence! Don't disturb my colleague; he's deep in some very complicated mathematics. While he's finishing, have a look through the telescope, if you like; it's a sight worth seeing.



Good heavens, sir! It's horrible ... horrible!

Yes, in one sense it's horrible...

It's enormous! Simply enormous!

Enormous, yes!

And its hairy legs! ... It makes me shiver to think of them!

Its legs? ... What legs?

What legs?... Why, belonging to that gigantic spider ...

Spider?... Is this your idea of a joke, young man?

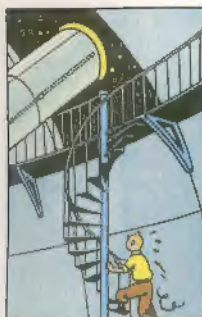
Come and see for yourself!

By the rings of Saturn! ... You're right ... It is, quite definitely, a spider! ...

You see now!

How extraordinary! Extraordinary! ... It has characteristics of *Meta segmentata* ... At least ... No! It's an *Araneus diadematus*! An enormous *Araneus diadematus*!

Anyway, it's a spider! Ugh! What a monster! ... And it's travelling through space ... Supposing it ... ??



Hello, Professor... I've found the answer... It was a spider walking across the lens!... It's gone now...



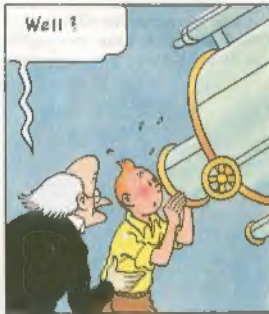
A spider!... A harmless little spider! That's all it was, scaring them out of their wits!... This'll kill me!



Come and look now...



Well?



It looks like... it looks like a huge ball of fire...



It IS a ball of fire!... A VA-A-A-A-AST ball of fire!

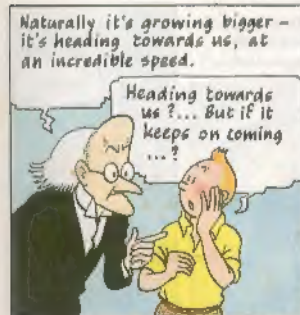


Yes, it's a gigantic mass of matter in fusion



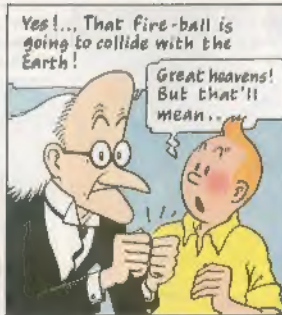
But why is it growing bigger... before our very eyes?... Because it is growing, isn't it!

Naturally it's growing bigger - it's heading towards us, at an incredible speed.



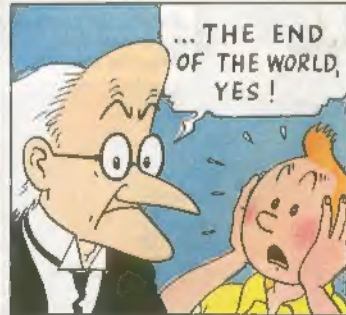
Heading towards us?... But if it keeps on coming...?

Yes!... That fire-ball is going to collide with the Earth!



Great heavens! But that'll mean...

...THE END OF THE WORLD, YES!



I've finished, sir. Here are the calculations. The collision will take place tomorrow morning at 0812 hours and 30 seconds precisely.



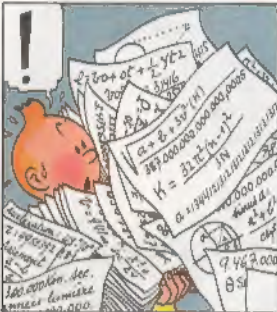
The end of the world ... good...and I, Decimus Phostle, have determined the moment at which the cataclysm will befall us! Tomorrow I shall be famous!



But...It's impossible...You...I mean... Perhaps you made a mistake in your calculations



Made a mistake? He? You presume to...? Very well! Check them!



I... I'm sure they're all correct Professor!... I'll take your word for it! Goodbye!



Hey, Snowy? What's the matter?



HELP!



Just in time!



Rats! ... Millions of rats coming up from the sewers!... Absolutely panic-stricken!

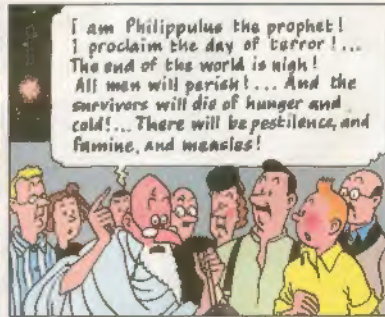
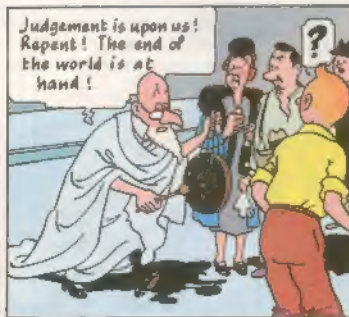
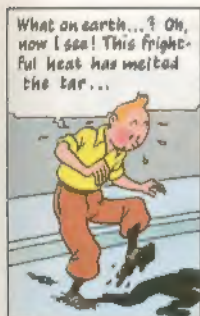
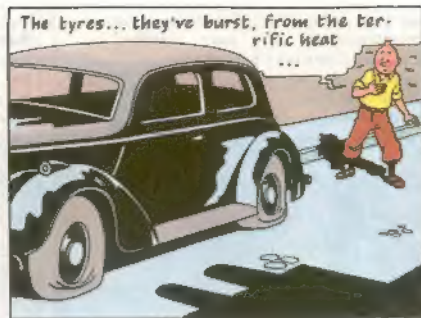


Where!...They're gone!... What about Snowy. What's happened to him?

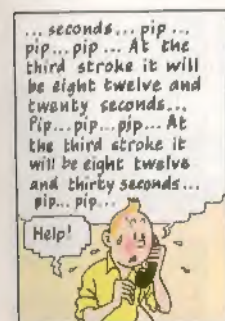
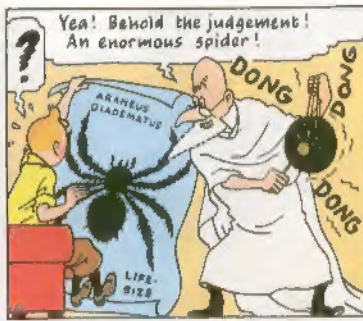
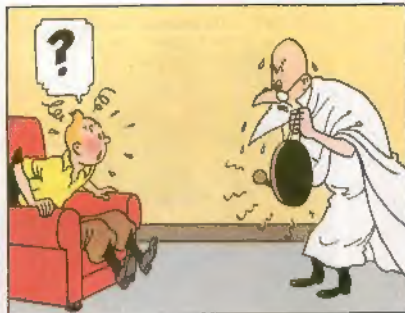


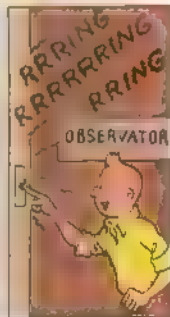
Snowy!

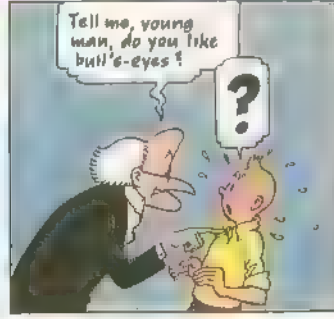
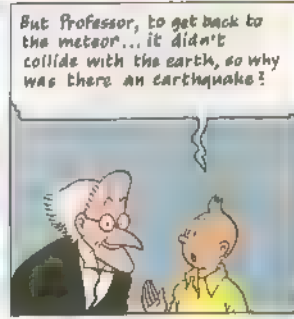
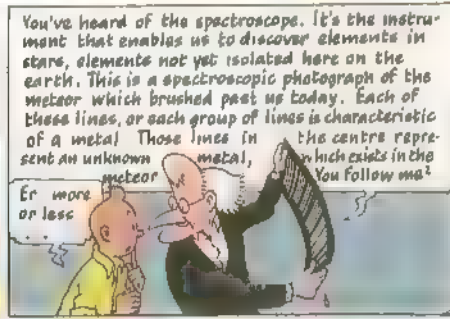
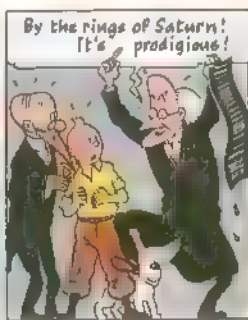
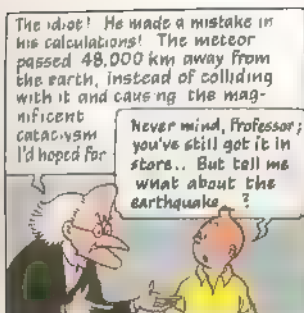


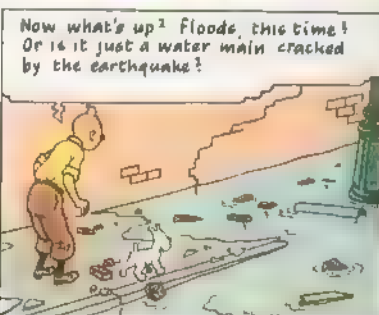
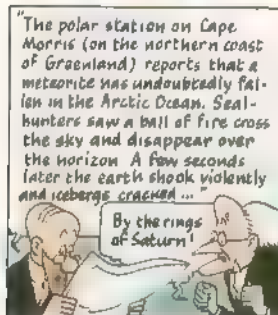
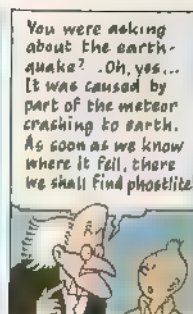


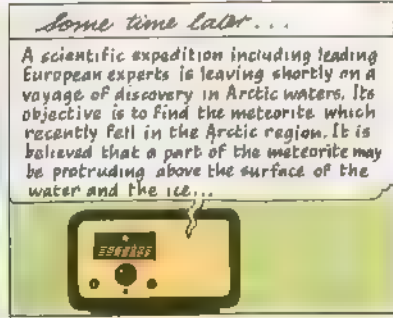
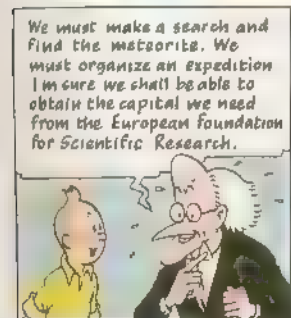
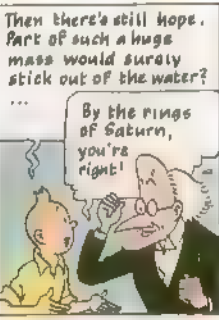
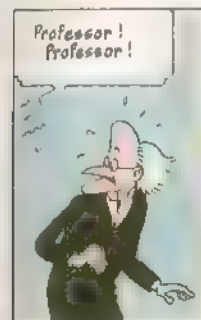
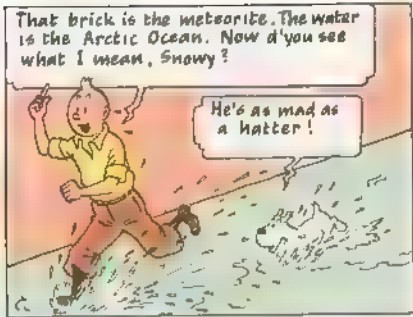














The expedition will be led by Professor Phostke, who has revealed the presence of an unknown metal in the meteorite. The other members of the party are:



... the Swedish scholar Eric Björgenskjöld, author of distinguished papers on solar prominences;



... Señor Porfirio Bolero y Calamares, of the University of Salamanca;



... Herr Doktor Otto Schuize, of the University of Munich;



... Professor Paul Cantonneau, of the University of Paris.



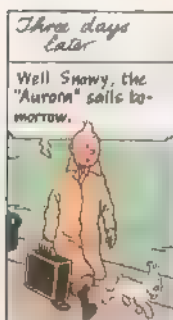
... Senhor Pedro Joas Dos Santos, a renowned physicist, of the University of Coimbra.



... Timkin, the young reporter, who will represent the press.



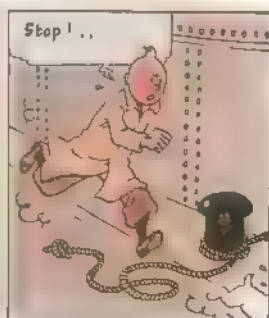
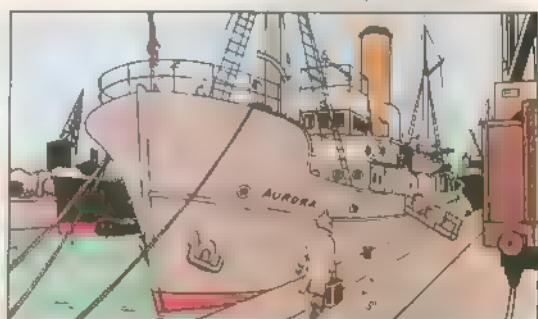
... and lastly, Captain Haddock, President of the S S S (Society of Saber Sailors) who will command the "Aurora", the vessel in which the expedition will embark.

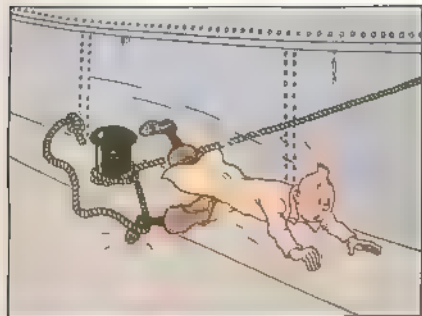


Well Snowy, the "Aurora" sails to-morrow.

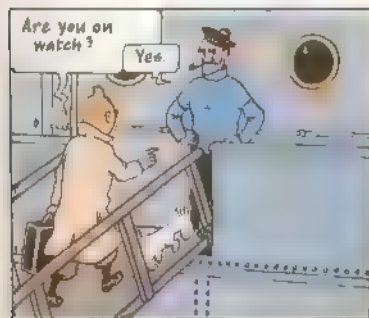


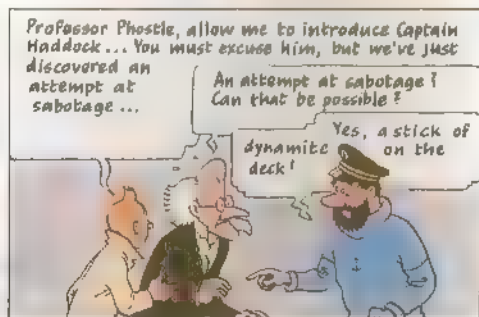
I don't think much of this expedition; it'll be jolly cold up there.

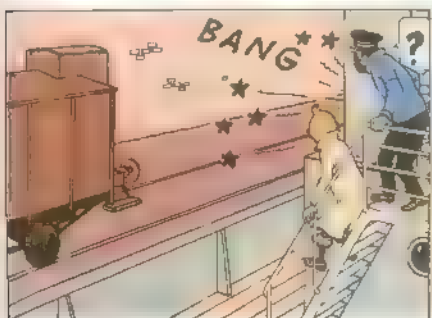
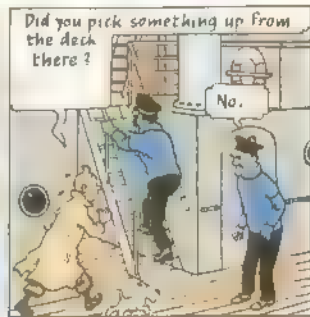
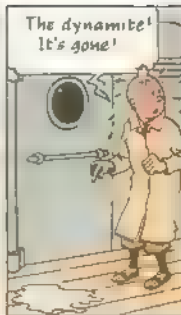


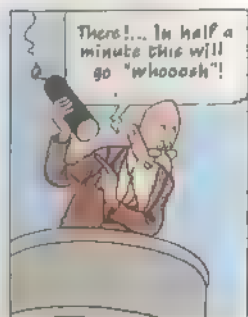


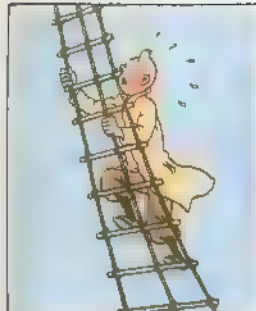
Confound that rope!
He's vanished...
Now, I wonder what
that fellow was doing
aboard ship



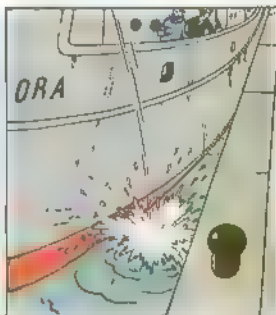
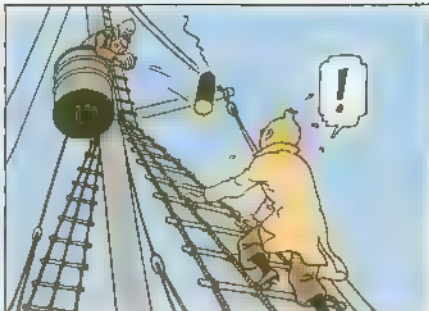








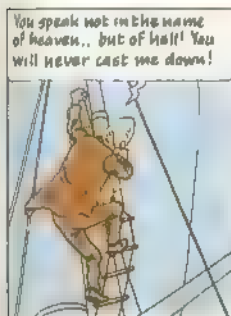
You! I recognise you!
You're the servant of
Satan! Keep your distance,
Fiend!



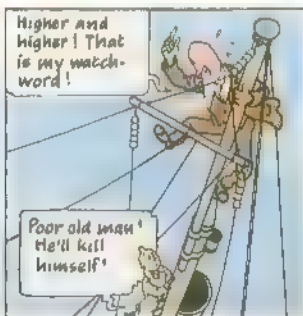
Whew! That was a
close shave! I thought
it would explode before
it hit the water!...



Great snakes!
What's he doing?...
In heaven's name
come down!



You speak not in the name
of heaven... but of hell! You
will never cast me down!



Higher and
higher! That
is my watch-
word!

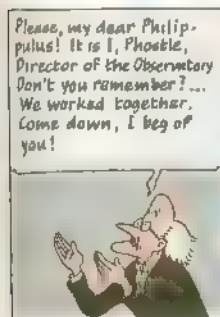
Poor old man!
He'll kill
himself!



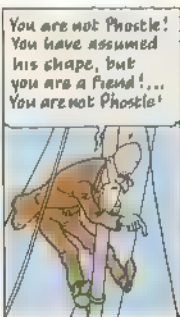
Look here, Mr.
Prophet, do be
sensible! Come on
down. Look, I'm
going down,
too...



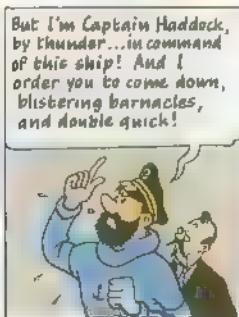
Yes! Go down!
Return to the shades
of hell, whence you
should never have
strayed!



Please, my dear Philip-
patus! It is I, Phostle,
Director of the Observatory
Don't you remember?...
We worked together.
Come down, I beg of
you!



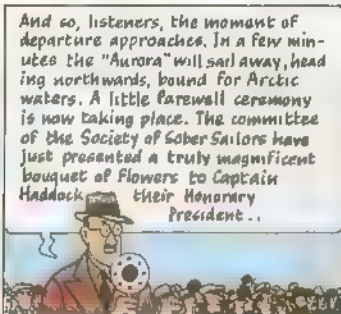
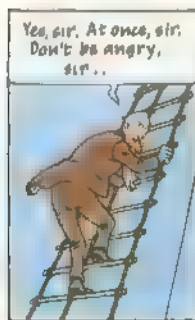
You are not Phostle!
You have assumed
his shape, but
you are a Fiend!...
You are not Phostle!



But I'm Captain Haddock,
by thunder... in command
of this ship! And I
order you to come down,
blistering barnacles,
and double quick!



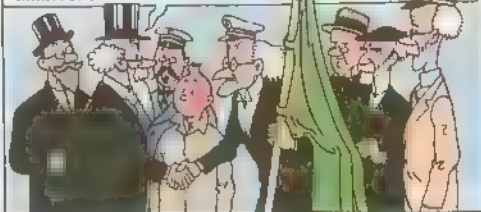
I'm sorry. I take
no orders, except
from above! I'm
staying here!



...and here's the President of the European Foundation for Scientific Research with the leader of the expedition, Professor Phostle, handing over the flag to be planted on the meteorite.



... I entrust this flag to you, Professor, confident that it will soon fly from the summit of the meteorite. I am sure you will find new metal, whose existence you have already announced



Captain! Captain!...



There's something funny going on.



Thundering typhoons!



Read this, Professor. My radio operator has just picked up this signal... He interpreted it quite by accident, while he was testing his equipment...



São Rico. The polar ship "Peary" sailed from São Rico yesterday evening on a voyage of exploration in Arctic waters. The "Peary" will try to find the meteorite which fell in that area and which, according to experts, contains an unknown metal...



They've stolen a march on us! They'll take possession of the meteorite! All is lost...



Held on, they haven't found it yet!

Tintin's right. We've still got a chance..



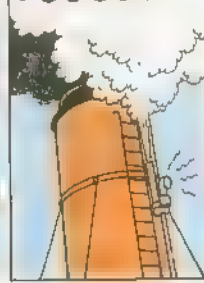
ALL HANDS ABOARD SHIP! We sail at once!



Stand by to cast off!



TOOOOOT



The last moorings have been cast off. This is the moment of departure. The ship is moving slowly away from the quay. The "Aurora" has sailed... Sailed away in search of a shooting star...



You have been listening to an eyewitness account of the departure of the polar research ship "Aurora". The programme was relayed through all European networks.

Ha! ha! ha! I wish them the best of luck!

You're quite sure that they won't succeed?



My dear fellow, you've been my secretary long enough to know that if the Bohlwinkler Funk has financed the "Perry" expedition, there is no question of failure. Believe me, the "Aurora" hasn't a chance.

I hope so, Mr Bohlwinkler. But still...

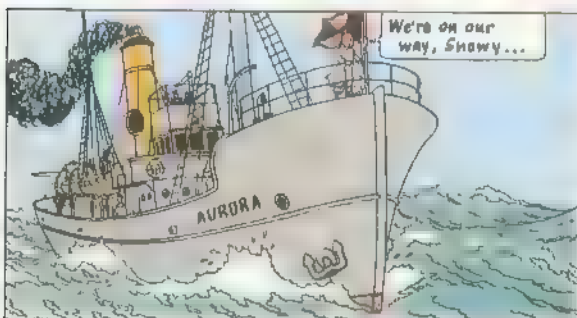


Yes, I know the "Aurora" sailed sooner than I anticipated. The fault of that fool Hayward, bungling his job. But don't worry, I've taken care of everything.

Ah, good, good...



You see, my dear fellow, the scientific expedition is just a cover for my plan to take possession of this meteorite... and the unknown metal Professor Phostle was naive enough to tell us about. There's a colossal fortune waiting there for us. A colossal fortune, and I don't intend to lose it!



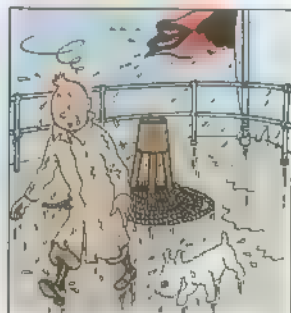
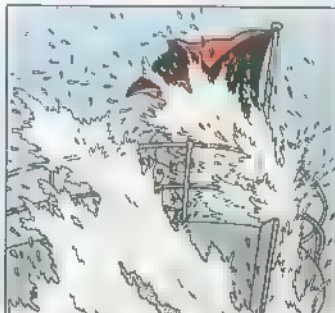
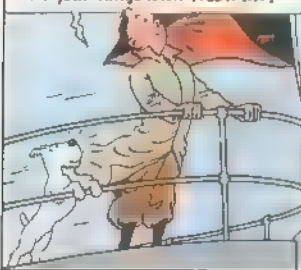
We're on our way, Snowy...

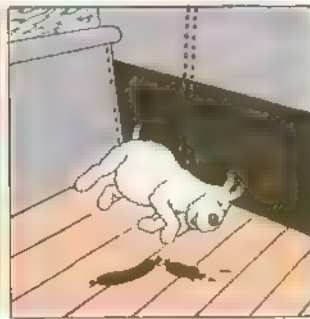
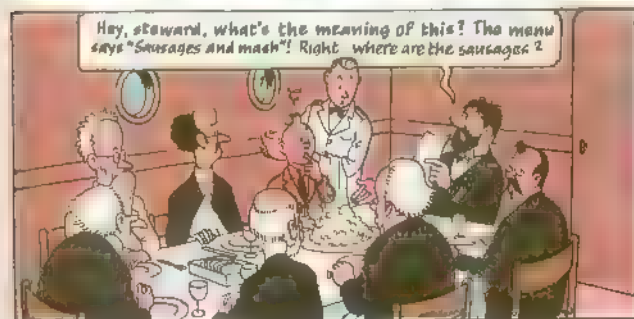
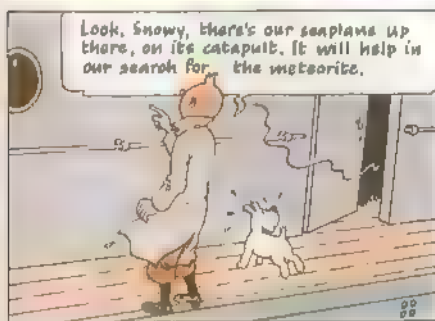
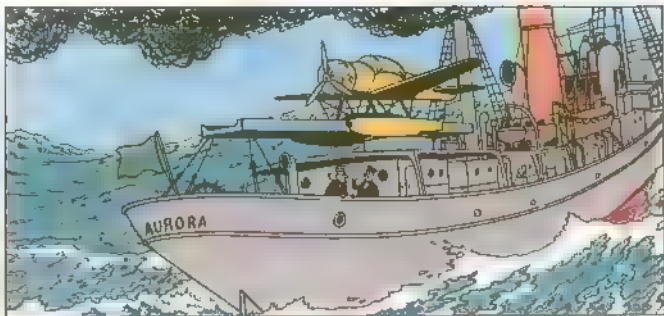
This will blow away the cobwebs, eh, Snowy? What wonderful air... the real tang of the sea!

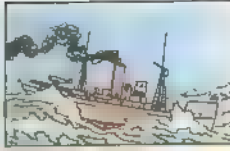
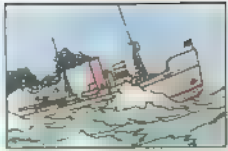
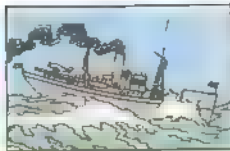
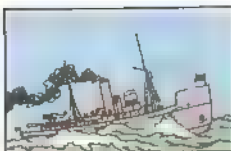
Yes, you can smell the fish...



Do as I do, Snowy. Breathe deeply. Fill your lungs with fresh air.



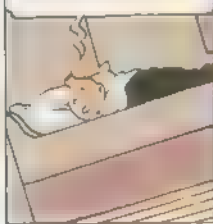




That night



Impossible to sleep a wink. She's rolling worse than ever... Fairly dancing a jig!



Meanwhile in São Paulo

Any further news of the "Kentucky Star"?



I've a good mind to go and join the Captain on the bridge

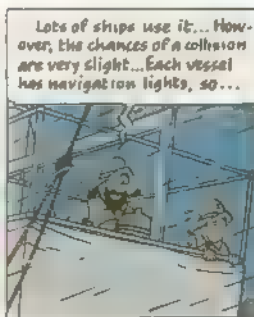
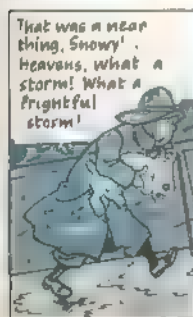
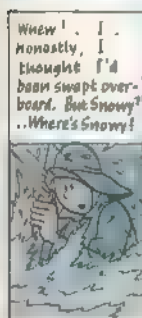
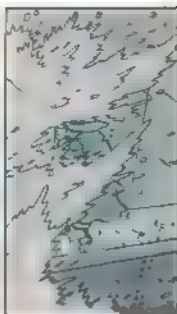


Come on, Snowy we'll go to the bridge



Great snakes! It's blowing a real gale!





Hard a star-
board!



AURORA



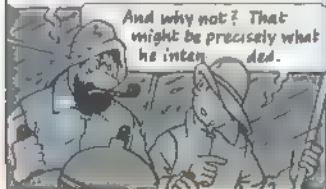
Pirates! Shipwreckers! ..
Sea-lice! .. Filibusters! ..
Hoodlums! Road-lags! ..
Freshwater
swabs!

Saved!



The lunatic! A little bit closer and
he'd have cut us in two... He
must be crazy sailing like that,
without any lights... He couldn't
have judged it better if he'd
meant to sink us.

And why not? That
might be precisely what
he intended.

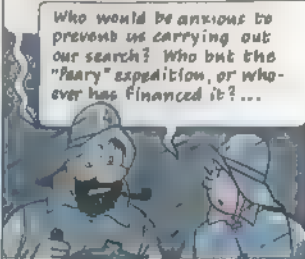


What do you mean? I mean
Captain,
that someone's already tried
to sabotage the "Aurora"
the night before we sailed. The
accident we just avoided looks re-
markably like another attempt



Thundering typhoons! You're
right! But who on earth...?

Who would be anxious to
prevent us carrying out
our search? Who but the
"fairy" expedition, or who-
ever has financed it?...



Is that the "Kentucky
Star" this time?

Yes, coming in
now Mr. Bohl-
winkel. A radio
signal



S S Kentucky Star.
Obeying orders re-
ceived, attempted to
sink Aurora.
Operation mis-
carried. Awaiting
instructions.



They've failed! The
bungling fools! Now
we're back where we
started!... But I'll
get them yet!



Oh, misery! I feel so ill! I
feel horribly ill!



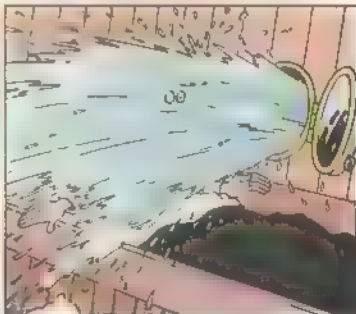
I feel sick ...
Ooooooh ...

Would you mind if I opened the
window a little bit? Some
fresh air would do us good.



Do as you please
Just let me
die in peace

Aaaah! I feel better
already

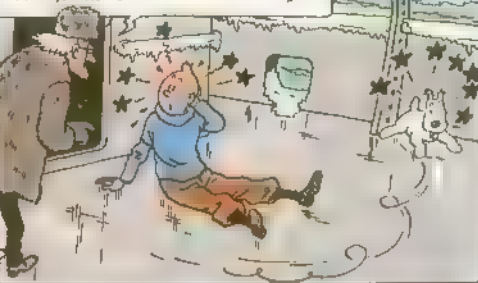


Some days later.

Errr! It's cold this morning. It feels as if we're approaching the Arctic region.



Have you noticed? It froze last night.



You ought to put on warm clothes, you'll catch cold going about like that.

You're quite right.



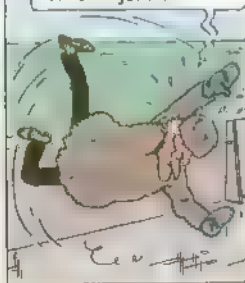
Come along, Snowy. We need our coats on.



I should have told him to be careful on the deck. This sheet is really...

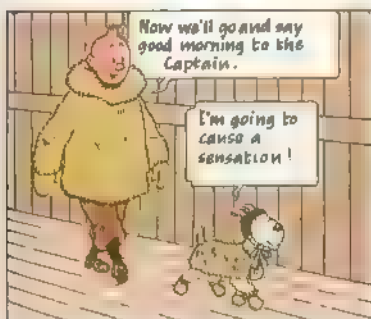


.. dangerous!



Now we'll go and say good morning to the Captain.

I'm going to cause a sensation!



Here, send this by radio.

Aye, aye, Captain.



M/S. Aurora to President, EFS R. In sight of Iceland. Putting into port at Akureyri, in Eyjafjörður, for refuelling. All well on board.



Here, Mr Bohlwinkel: it's a message sent by the "Aurora" to the European Foundation for Scientific Research. Our wireless operator just intercepted it.

Give it me.

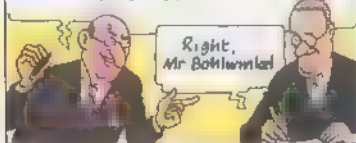


Aha!... They're putting in at an Icelandic port! Excellent! Excellent! I think, my dear Johnson, that their stay will be a long one... Let us begin by sending a short note. Take this down, Johnson.

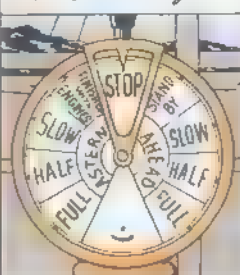
I'm ready, sir.



Bohlwinkel Bank to Smithers, general agent for Golden Oil, Reykjavik, Iceland. Circulate following order immediately to all agents for Golden Oil in Iceland: Absolute prohibition against refuelling polar vessel Aurora... There! Have that sent in the secret code



The next morning ..



So here we are in Akureyr. Shall we be staying here long, Captain?



Just long enough to fill up with oil. Then we set out for Greenland.



There I'm going to order the fuel. It won't take a minute.



Good morning. I want my ship refuelled with oil



Polar research ship 'Aurora', Captain Haddock.



Oh!.. I I've bad news for you, Captain. I suddenly remembered, we haven't a drop of fuel oil in stock...



What's that you say? No fuel oil? That's absurd! I've got to have oil if you hear?



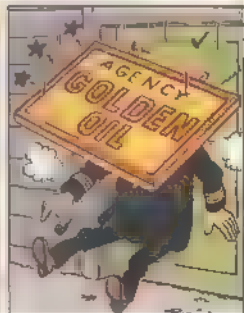
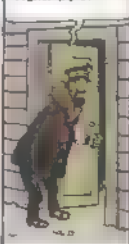
That sounds like an argument ..



It's disgraceful I tell you! Disgraceful!



Remember! On your own head be it!





Well? Well?
What happened?

There's no fuel to be
had from Golden Oil.
Not a
drop!



So what? We'll ask someone
else,
that's all

Someone else? Golden Oil
has a monopoly of the
fuel oil through-
the country



But that means
We're
stuck
here?

Yes, stuck. And
in the mean-
time.



The "Peary" com-
munes



Can't you look what you're
doing, you seismic sema-
phors!



Me? A semaphore?
.. You, why you're
nothing but a ...

OH!



Fidgy! Fidgy!...
Fidgy!

Fidgy!
Fidgy!
Fidgy!..



Boodle, boodle,
boodle!
Boodle, boodle
boodle!



Aye, aye,
ayeeyee!

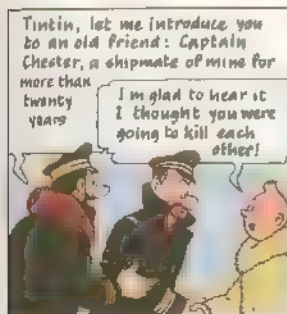
Aye aye
ayeeyee!

?



Dear old
Chester!
Just the same
as ever!

My dear Captain
Haddock! You haven't
changed a
bit!



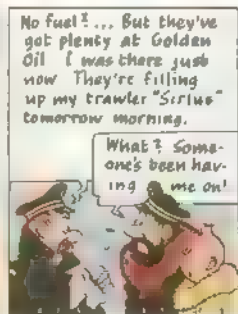
Tintin, let me introduce you
to an old friend: Captain
Chester, a shipmate of mine for
more than
twenty
years

I'm glad to hear it
I thought you were
going to kill each
other!



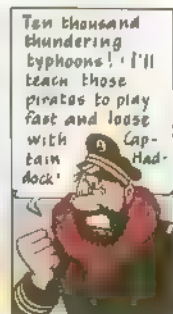
You're waiting to
refuel?

You've said it!
What a country!
Not a drop of oil in
the whole of this
one-horse island!



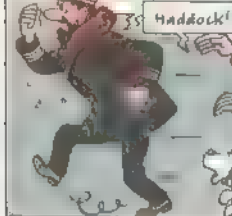
No fuel? ... But they've
got plenty at Golden
Oil I was there just
now They're filling
up my trawler "Sirius"
tomorrow morning.

What? Some-
one's been hav-
ing
me on!



Ten thousand
thundering
typhoons! I'll
teach those
pirates to play
fast and loose
with
taint
dock!

Gang of thieves! ... Black marketeers! ... Monopolizers! ... Turncoats! ... Ophiocedrus Colocyntus!



Haddock!

Don't stop me! I'm going to exterminate those crooks! The twisters!



Haddock, listen to me.

Calm down, Captain!

Listen to me. You're wasting your time. Do you know who's financed the "Peary" expedition? No? It was announced on the radio this morning. The Bohlwinkel Bank of São Rico.



So what? I don't mind! Blistering barnacles, I need fuel oil!..

All right, all right. D'you know who owns Golden Oil? No!... The Bohlwinkel Bank, of São Rico. Now d'you understand?



?

Let me go! I'm going to tear those caterpillars into little pieces!



Wait, Captain. I've got an idea!

An idea? About getting fuel oil?



Come on we'll discuss this over a glass of whisky. Let's go into this bar.

Barman! A bottle of whisky, and three glasses... No whisky for me, thanks, as I'll have tonic water.



Two glasses, barman. And some tonic water for the lad.

By Jupiter, I've just remembered... I forgot you're the President of the Society of Sober Sailors. You don't drink whisky, of course. Tonic for you as well?



You're right... Tonic water... Good idea...

That's enough! ... Thanks



Here's to you, Haddock!



And to you!... Look, just to please you, I'll take a drop of whisky with my tonic... For old time's sake...

Only a drop... A chibbleful...



That's enough. Thanks!





Aaaaaaaah! ..
The tonic in these parts
does you a power of
good!



Now, tell us your idea.

Look, where is your
ship moored?

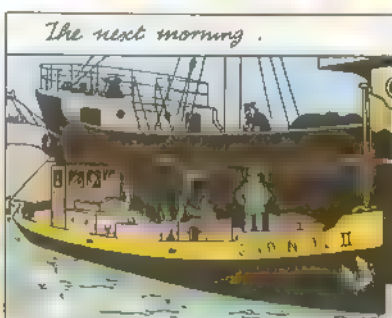
Yes, where's she
moored, the
"Sirius"? the
"Sirius"?



Just astern of the "Aurora".

That's fine! ... And you're
refuelling tomorrow morn-
ing? ... Splendid! ... Now,
listen ...

Li-li-listen carefully,
Chester. This boy al-
ways has ex-x-a-x-
cellent ideas.

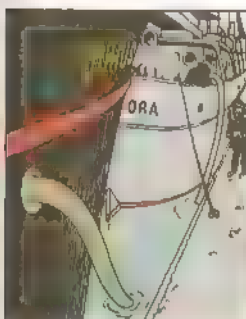


The next morning.

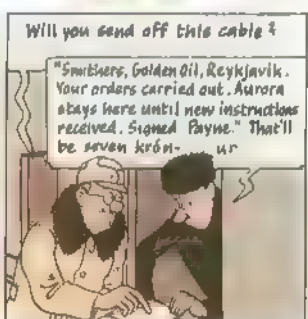


I say, Cap-
tain, d'you
think there's
a leak in
your tanks?
They don't
seem to be
filling

O.K., O.K. ..
They're big
ones, that's
all. Keep
on pumping.



That's the lot, Captain! Our
tanks are full ...



Will you send off this cable?

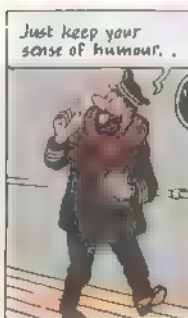
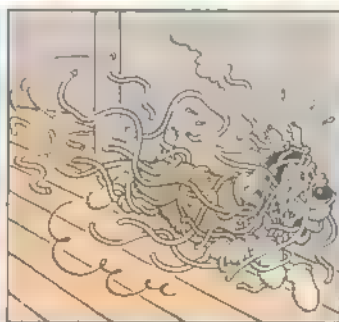
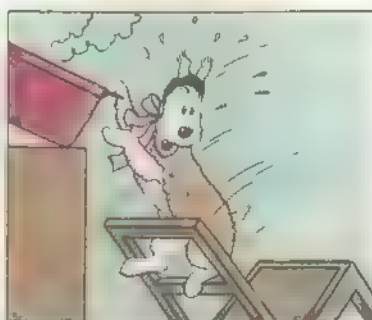
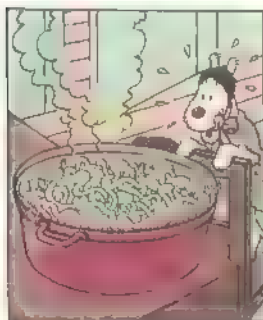
"Smithers, Golden Oil, Reykjavik.
Your orders carried out. Aurora
stays here until new instructions
received. Signed Payne." That'll
be seven krón- ur



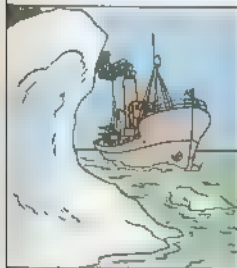
Good. That's the
"Sirius" going out. ..



It's not the "Sirius"!
.. It's the
"Aurora"!!



A week later...



This is where we are. We've crossed the 72nd parallel. You will confine your search to an area between 73 and 78 North, and 8 and 13 West... You understand?



Right

Above all, don't take risks don't go beyond the limits we fixed

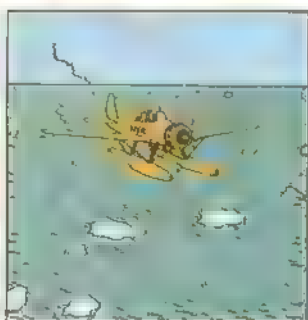


And don't forget to maintain contact by radio. Goodbye, and good luck. Keep your eyes skinned for the meteorite

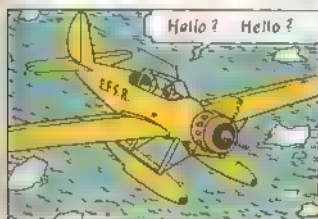


There they go...

Let's hope they don't run into any trouble.



Hello? . Receiving you loud and clear.. What? You've seen something?

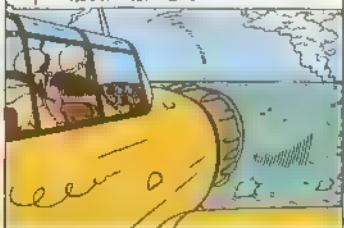


Hello? Hello?



The meteorite?

Something peculiar. The sky's quite clear. But there's a great column of white vapour rising from one spot about 20° East.



How extraordinary. They've seen a great column of white vapour on the horizon.

Quick! Give me the microphone



This is Professor Phostle. Tell me, does the column of vapour seem to be coming from a definite point? You say there are no other clouds in sight? The sky is clear!



That's it! They've found the meteorite!



Careful! The earphones



Forgive me I forgot! Yes, Captain, it's the meteorite causing the column of vapour. The heat emitted from it has already melted the ice. Gradually the water surrounding it is warming up.



Thus water-vapour is created and this is rising up to form the clouds which they have seen



Hello? Hello! You have found the meteorite! Hooray! Hello? Are you receiving me?



Hello? Hello? Hello? They're not answering any more! ...



Tell me, Captain, should these wires be connected to anything?

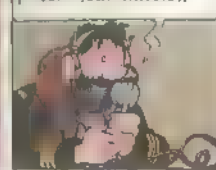
Thundering typhoons! The leads weren't plugged in!



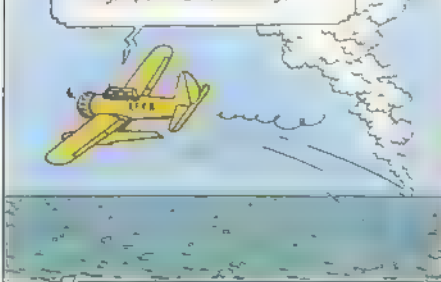
There! That's Fixed it



Hello? Ah you can hear me. Turn round and come back. The vapour is caused by the meteorite yes... Come back you've completed your mission



All right, we're returning.



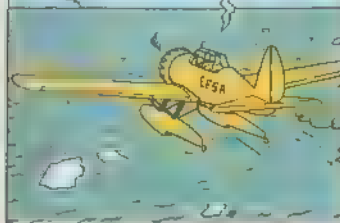
Look down there!



Hello? Yes? What did you say? Smoke? Smoke from a ship? Where?... In which direction?...



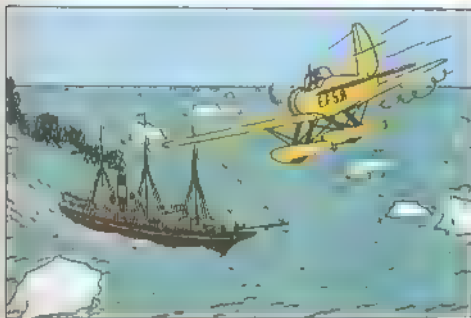
Bearing west-south-west. Yes, we're heading in that direction...



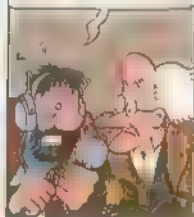
Hello?...Yes. They're steering towards the column of vapour? Thundering typhoons!... It's the "Peary", isn't it!...



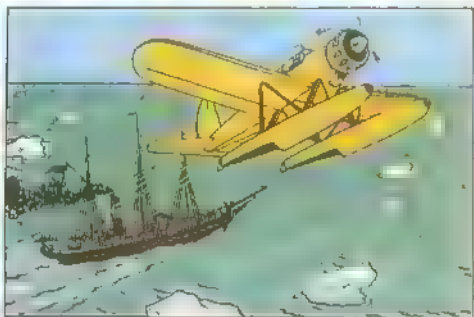
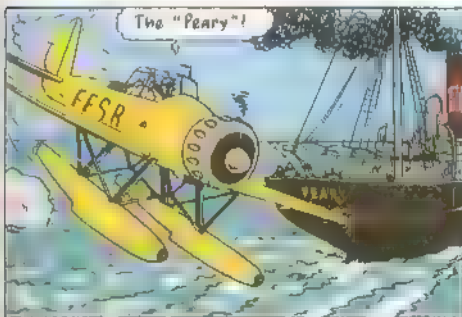
It's not possible to identify her yet... But we'll soon know...



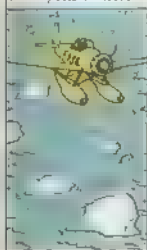
Well? What's the ship called? Did you see?



The "Peary"!

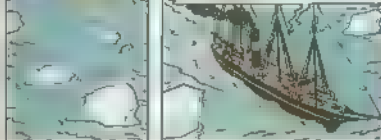


They're heading for the meteorite. We're coming back - Fast!



Meanwhile...

R.S. Peary, 12° 23' W, 76° 40' N, to Bohlwinkel, São Rico. Have been spotted by E.F.S.R. aircraft. Presume Aurora in vicinity. We are putting on steam



I'm worried. I keep wondering how they'll manage to land without hitting one of those confounded icebergs



There they are!



They're preparing to land... It'll be a miracle if they don't smash themselves up on an iceberg!



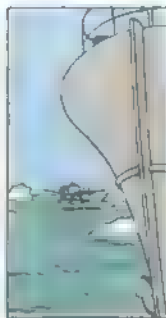
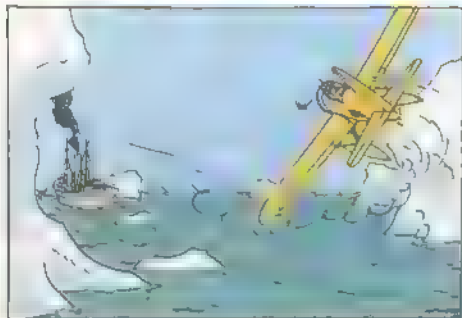
Well, Snowy old boy, if we get out of this in one piece we'll be lucky!



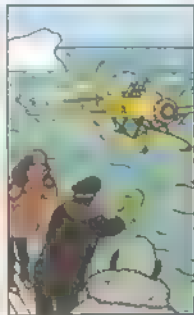
Thundering typhoons! ...They scraped against that one...and that one too!...Whew! they just missed it!



We're done for this time, Snowy!



Hooray! He's a real ace!



What news?

We haven't a moment to lose, Captain.



The "Peary" is two hundred and fifty km ahead of us. We must overtake her!

Two hundred and fifty km ahead!!



This is the end. We've lost the race.



No, Captain, we're not finished yet. Come on, let's have a look at the chart.

It's useless.



Look, the "Peary" is there.. And this is our position
Our maximum speed is 16 knots. The "Peary" can't
do more than 12 knots. We could therefore gain
on them by 6 km each hour. They're 250 km
ahead. So in 37½ hours we'd have caught up
with the "Peary".

Yes, unless they'd reached
the meteorite by then...



Captain, we must try to overtake the "Peary"! .
This is no moment to throw up the sponge, just
when victory is in sight

Tintin's right;
we must try,
Captain.

That's all very fine!
But to catch up
250 km! .



Impossible!... It's quite
futile to try. We're going
to turn round and go
home...



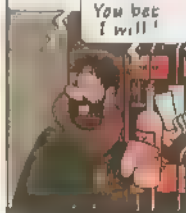
All right er... I say, Captain,
I'm frozen to death after
that reconnaissance flight.
I think I need a little
whisky

Some whisky? You?
er... I'll just see
if there is any...



You'll have a glass
with us, won't
you, Captain?

You bet
I will!



On second thoughts, I
really do think the game
is up. It'd be far better
to give up the struggle



Give up the struggle?... Never!... Blistering
barnacles, this is no moment to throw up
the sponge, just when victory is in sight!
Thundering typhoons!... We'll show those
P-P-Patagonian p-p-pirates what we can
do!... The l-l-lily-livered
l-l-l-landlubbers!



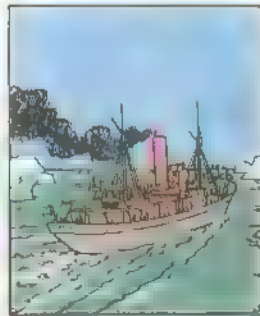
Come on! We shall see
what we shall see! ...
Show a lag! On deck
with you!



Get on with it, Chief! Thundering typhoons!
jump to it! Full speed ahead! The enemy
have 250 km start on us, we've
got to catch them up!



Cox'n at the wheel! Stick
to your course! Steer North
by East! And watch out
for icebergs!



Noon next day ..

Hooray! There she is!
That's smoke from the
'Peary'!



We're steaming faster
than she is! ... We'll
overtake them this
evening, or during the
night



Captain!
A signal!



Read it! ... This is the last straw!
... What are we going to do? Blistering
barnacles, what are we going to do!



Ask our scientists
to come to the
saloon. Tell them I
have important
news...



Gentlemen I'd like to read you a signal we've just picked up
It's a distress call! The text is disjointed, as if the trans-
mitter was damaged. Even the name of the ship is
incomplete



S.O.S. S.O.S. S.O.S.
CITY .. 70°45' N.,
19°12' W. IN
COLLISION WITH
ICEB... TAKING
WATER IN FORM...
...QUEST
ASSISTANCE
URGE...

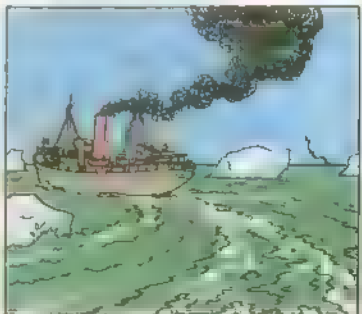


There it is, gentlemen.
Either we can go to the aid
of this ship, and abandon
all hope of reaching the
meteorite before the
'Peary', or else we can
continue on our course,
and not answer this
call... It's up to you to de-
cide.



There's no question about it, Captain.
Human lives are in danger. We must
go to their aid, even if it does cost
us our prize.

I was sure of your
answer, Professor.
We'll go about right
away



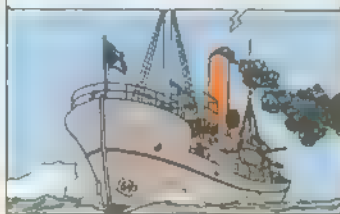
Come on. We must reply and let them know we're coming to their assistance ...



I've forgotten to shut that confounded door again ...



Polar research ship Aurora to Citi... in distress. Your message received. We are steaming towards you. Keep in touch with us. Good luck!



Well ?

That's the third time I've sent out the message... There's no reply



I suppose their radio has packed up for good...



Unless they have... gone down? Is that what you mean to say?



Captain, will you let me send out a message myself?

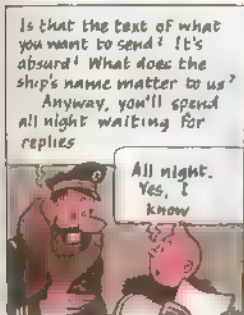
Naturally, but



?



Is that the text of what you want to send? It's absurd! What does the ship's name matter to us? Anyway, you'll spend all night waiting for replies



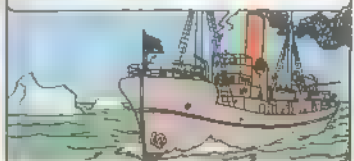
You do as you like but I think it's absolutely crazy I'm going to turn in. Good night!

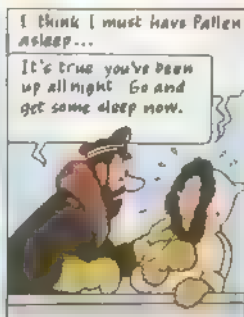
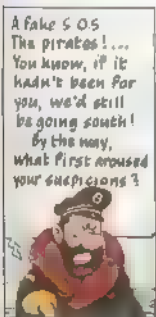
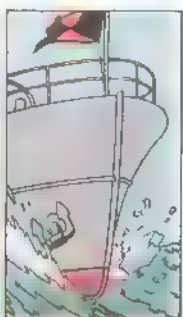
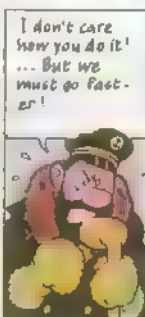
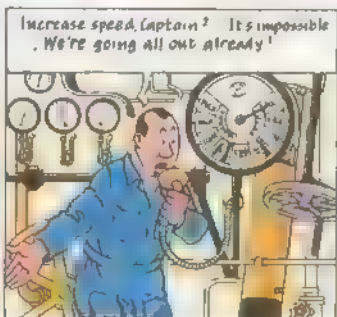
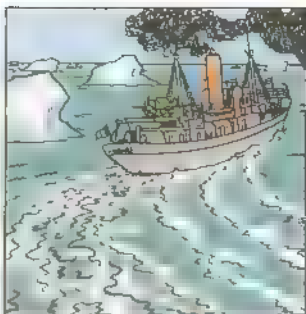
Good night, Captain. There. Could you send that off?

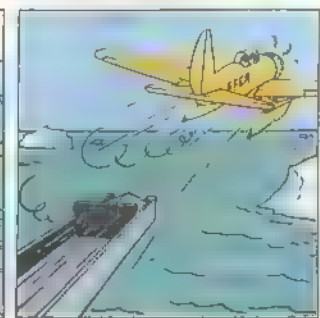
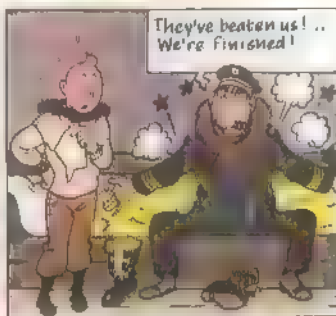
Right

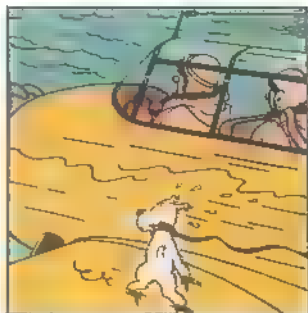


Polar research ship Aurora to all shipping companies. Please will all companies owning ships with name commencing "CIT" please advise us immediately of full names of these ships. Also inform us if one is in distress, position 70°45' N, 14°12' W



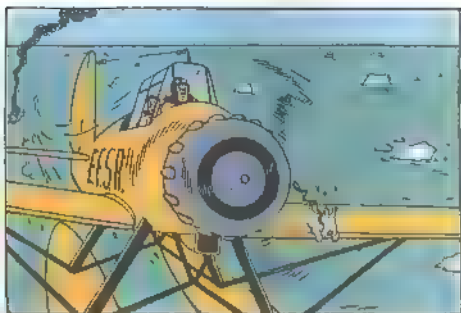






Oh Columbus!...
They haven't seen
him! Poor Snowy!

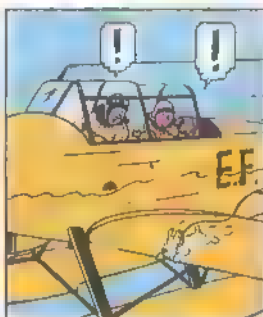
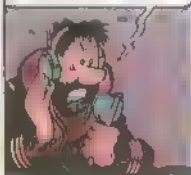
Oh my
goodness!



The radio! We
must warn them
by radio!



Hello?... Hello?...
Hello?... Snowy's
gone with you!... Yes,
Snowy. He's clinging
to the port wing of
your aircraft.



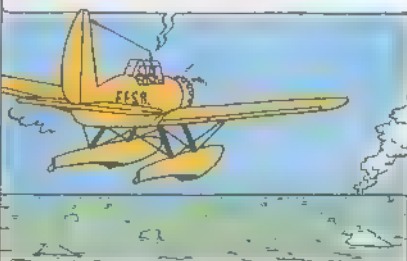
We must
land.



Hello?... Hello?...
Snowy is safe! Yes,
I've got him here
with me



We're getting near... There's the cloud of
vapour rising from the meteorite...

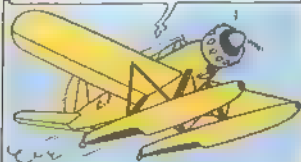


Some time later

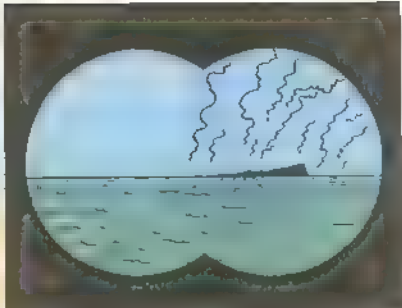
Hello, hello?... Captain Haddock
here. Any news?



There isn't a single iceberg in sight, and the cloud of vapour is much nearer. We certainly can't be very far away now.



The meteorite! There's the meteorite!



Hello... Tintin here... We can see the meteorite!!



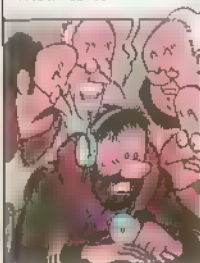
Really? You mean that? ... You can see the meteorite! ... Hooray! ... What's it like?



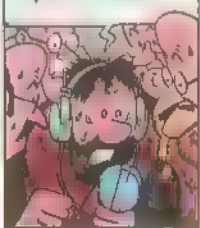
It forms an island, sloping gently towards the west, and ... Great snakes! The "Peary" has beaten us to it!



The "Peary" has beaten them to it



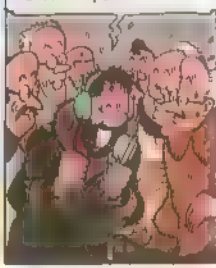
Tell me... I suppose their flag is already flying from the top of the meteorite!



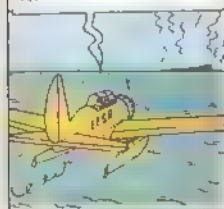
Their flag?... Wait
No, I can't see a flag..



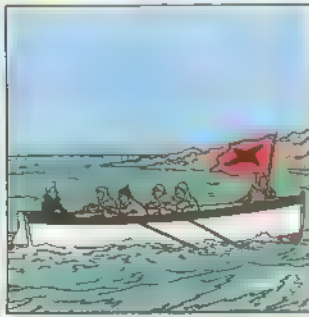
Hooray! Then there's still hope!

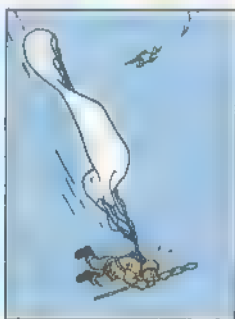
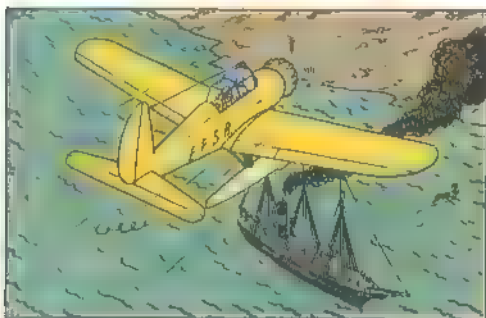
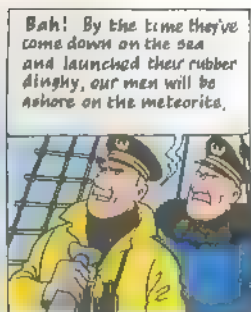


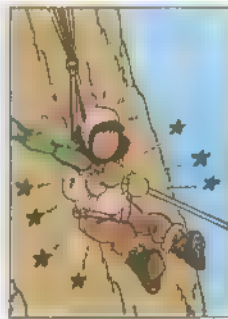
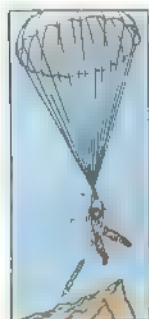
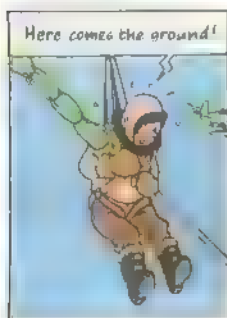
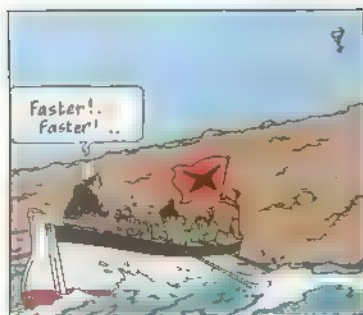
Perhaps, I can just make out what's happening aboard the "Peary". It looks as if... as if ...

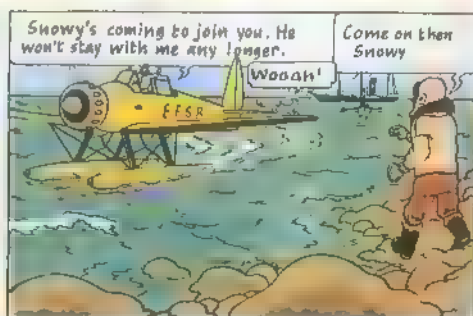
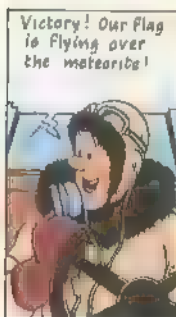
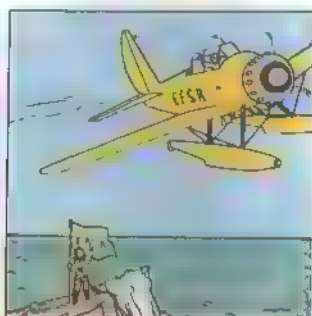
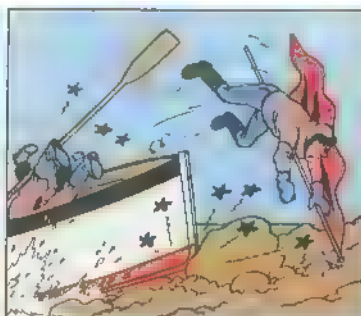
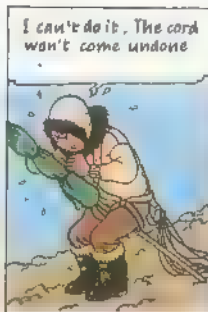


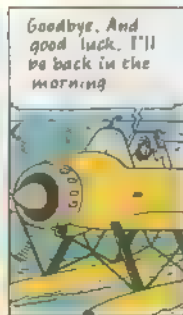
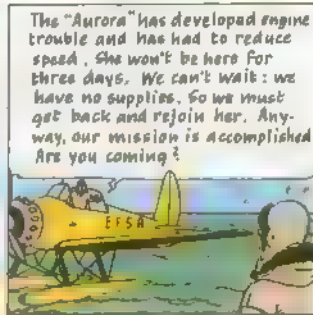
Yes... they're just lowering a boat.

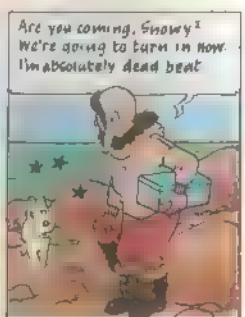
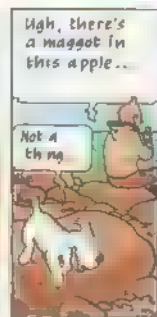
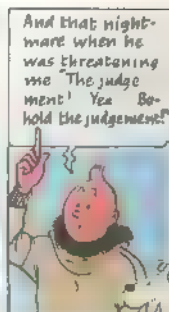


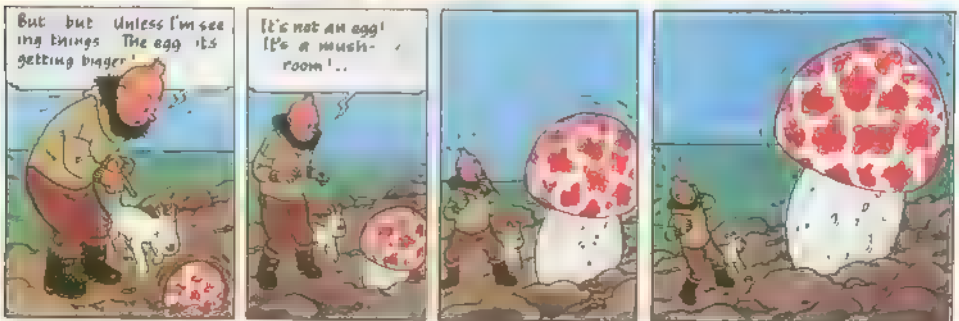
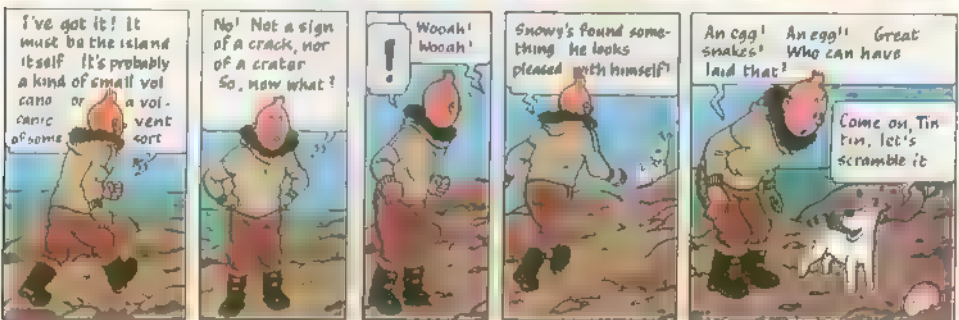
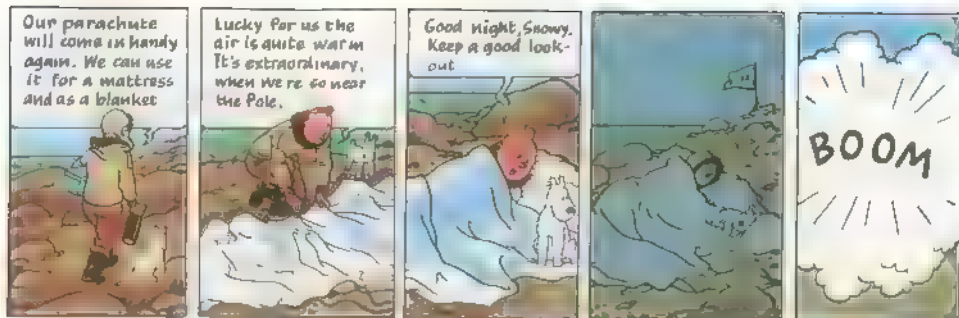


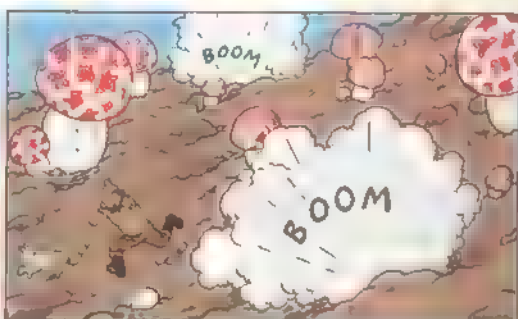
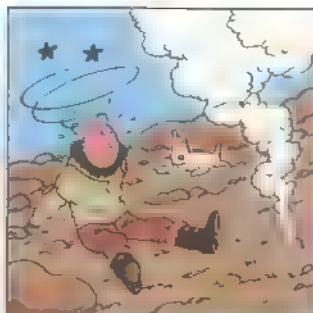
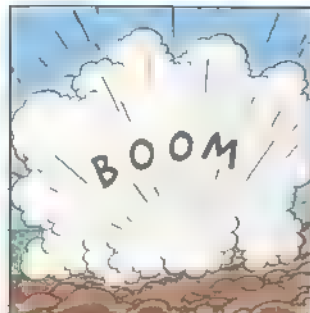


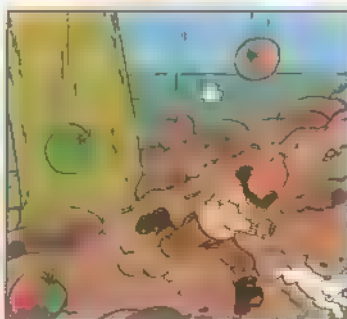
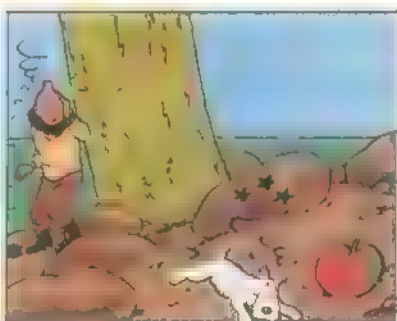
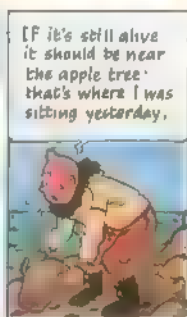
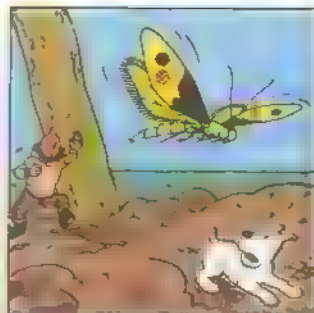












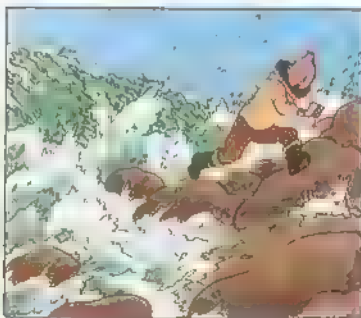
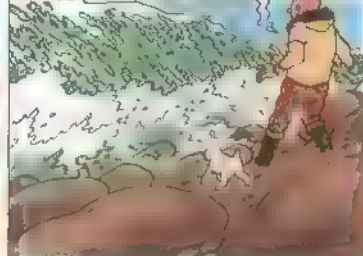
An earthquake! That's the last straw!



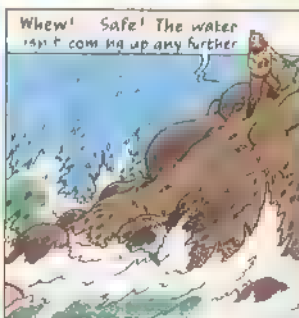
And what's that rumbling...



Help! That huge wave will swamp everything!



Whew! Safe! The water isn't coming up any further



I say, the whole island has tilted right over.



In the meantime more apple trees have sprung up.



Hey, what about the spider?

Ssh!... Quiet!...



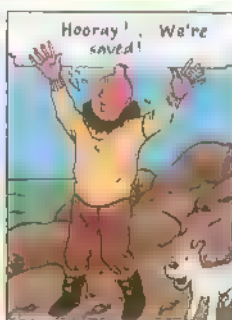
This time I'm sure of it. I can hear the sound of an engine.



There's snow! The sea-plane

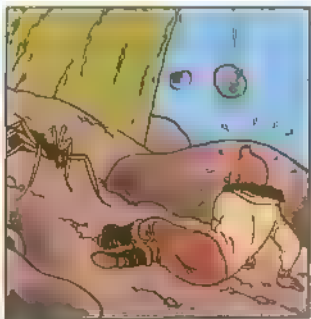
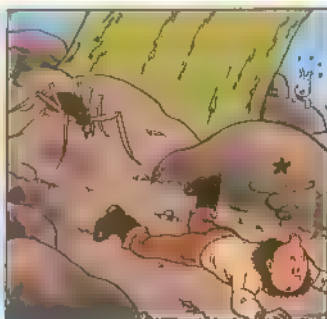
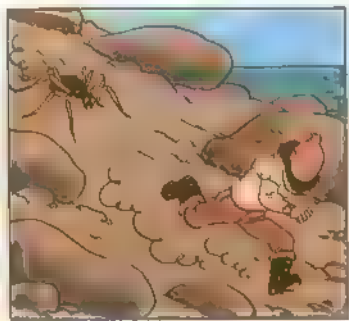
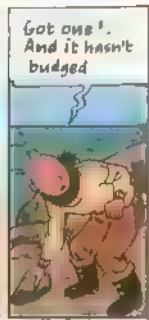


Hooray! We're saved!



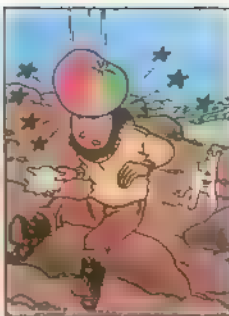
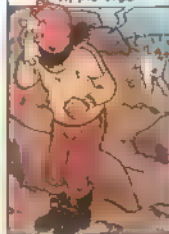
Oh, what a beautiful morning!



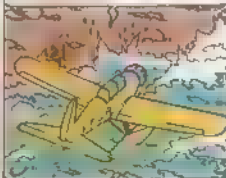




Whew! that was close! Thank goodness for the apple tree!



Hello? Hello?...The meteorite has just been shaken by an earthquake. The whole thing has tilted over, and is sinking slowly into the sea.

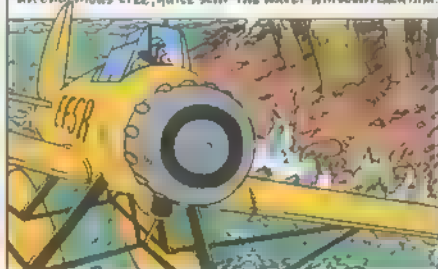


What did you say?... An earthquake?... The meteorite is sinking?... What about Tintin? Where's he?

We're losing the meteorite!



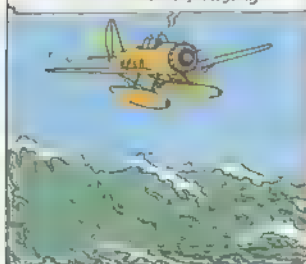
Can't see him... Oh, yes... He's lying at the foot of an enormous tree, quite still. The water will soon reach him.



Try to land! Tintin must be saved!



Impossible to get down, Captain. The sea's absolutely raging!



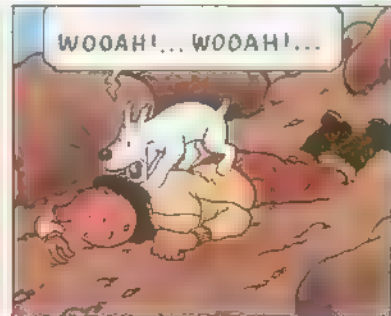
Tintin! Tintin! Wake up!



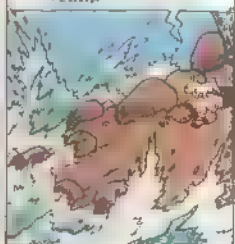
Not a flicker. And the water's still rising! What can I do?

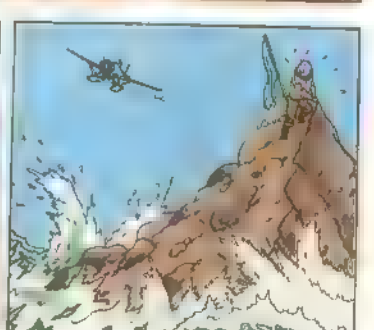
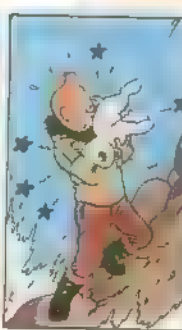
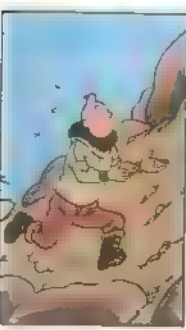
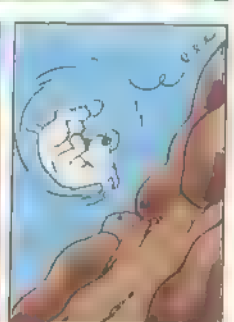
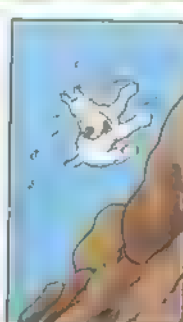
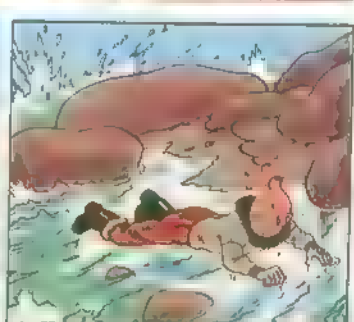
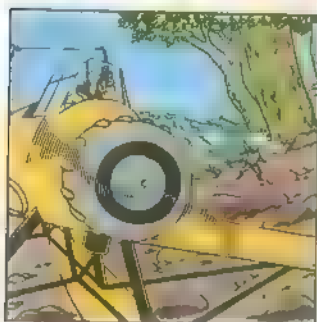


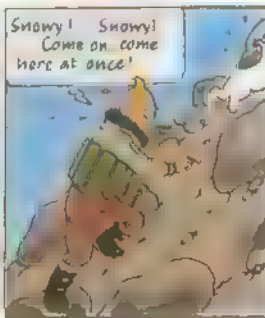
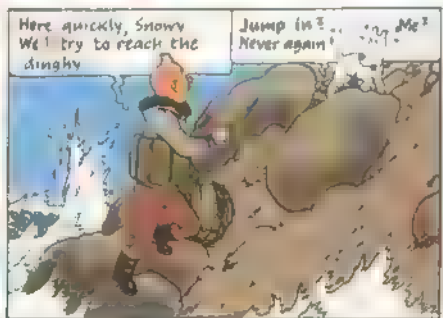
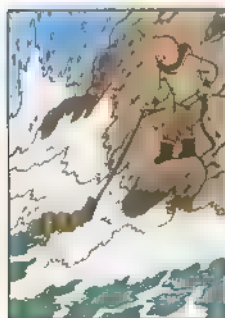
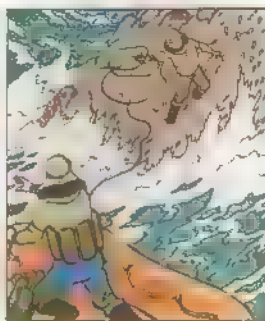
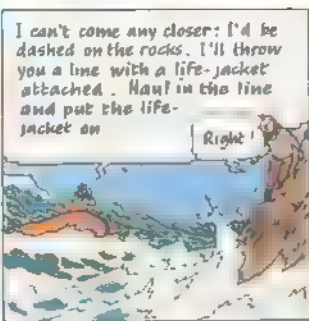
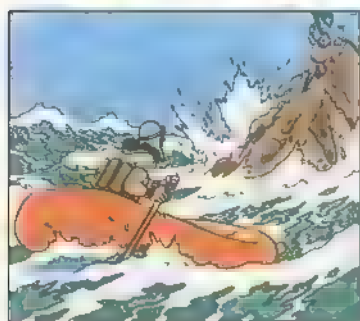
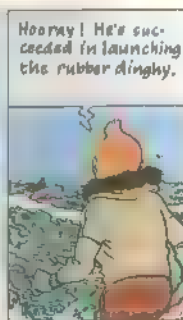
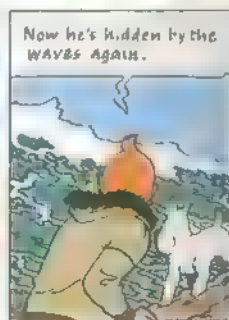
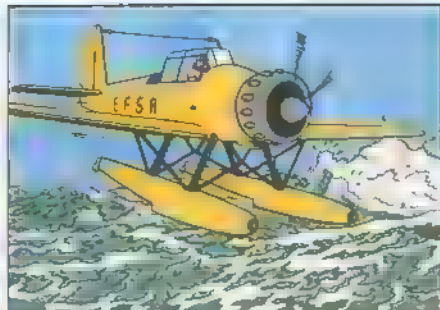
WOOAH!... WOOAH!...

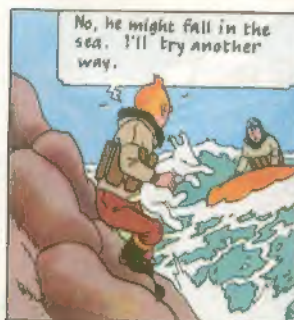
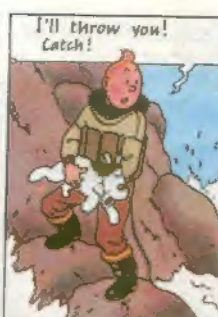


It's no good!... But he simply must come round!











Got you!



Safe at last!
Now, let's get out
of here, fast!



What an idiot
I am!



?



What are you doing?
It's madness to go back!



For heaven's sake come back!
You'll go down with the meteorite!



We must have a lump of the mineral...
for Professor Phosble. Otherwise
all our efforts will have been wasted!

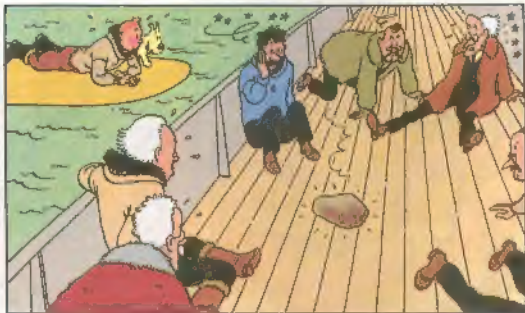


Quick!... Catch!



Tintin!... I
can't see Tintin!





Some weeks later...

The polar research ship "Aurora", which sailed in search of the meteorite that fell in the Arctic, will soon be back in home waters. The expedition succeeded in finding the meteorite, just before it was submerged by the waves - probably as a result of some underwater upheaval.

Happily, thanks to the courage and presence of mind shown by the young reporter Tintin, alone on the island at the very moment...

...when it was engulfed by the sea, it was possible to save a lump of the metal divined in the meteorite by Professor Phostle. Members of the expedition have already verified the remarkable properties of the metal; examination of it will undoubtedly be of extraordinary scientific interest. We may therefore look forward to more sensational disclosures.

It is now known that certain incidents that occurred during the voyage of the "Aurora" were unquestionably deliberate acts of sabotage designed to cripple the expedition. Those responsible will soon be exposed, and their leader unmasked. This master criminal is reported to be a powerful São Rico financier. He will shortly be brought to justice.

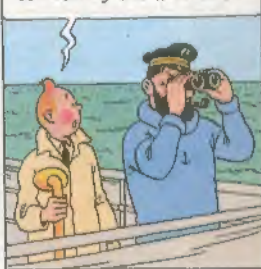


Have you noticed how preoccupied the Captain has been lately?

Yes, I'll try to find out the trouble.



What's up, Captain?... Is something the matter?



LAND HO!
LAND HO!

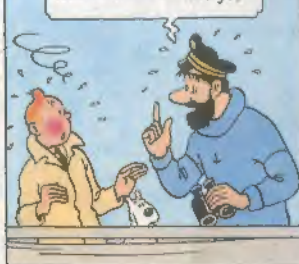


Thundering typhoons! Land...and about time, too!

Why?...Are we out of fuel-oil?



Worse than that!... We're out of whisky!!



THE
END

